all the things you shouldn't do (and all the things you want to) by brawlite

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Summary:

It started out as a joke, it really did. Honest.

(Or: Billy finds a dog collar and puts it on. The results are -- surprising, to say the least.)

all the things you shouldn't do (and all the things you want to)

Author's Note:

> **alt description**:
> LOST DOG: TALL, ANGRY, HORNY - IF FOUND PLZ RETURN TO STEVE HARRINGTON
> (provided by fraxinus)
>
> title from from cloud cult's*"the invocation (p.1) - you'll be bright"*.
>
> a section of this was written by toastranger. if you can guess which part, you get a prize.

“Where did you even get that?” Steve asks, eyeing the object in Billy’s hands.

Billy’s fingers tighten around the leather and he gives it a bit of a shake, making the metal tags -- one that says *Spike,* the other, with somebody’s phone number on it -- jangle and clink together with the movement.

“Found it,” Billy says.

And he had, right next to the dog park by the ritzy part of town, too. The collar was clearly made for a large dog and is made of nice leather, supple but firm in his hands.

“And you just *picked it up*?”

“I mean, I washed it off first. Threw it into the sink, hosed it off. Obviously.”

The thick material is long since dry, back to being something nearing soft. It doesn’t smell like *dog* anymore, just like leather -- sharp and oddly comforting, in the way that libraries are. In the way that old houses are, too. It feels good in Billy’s hands, the way it bends and yields and also pushes back.

"*Why*?" Steve asks, incredulous.

"Donno," Billy says, because it's the truth. He had just picked it up, no real firm thought behind it. "Because it's funny, I guess."

Billy holds the collar up to his throat, loose. "Woof," he says, and lolls his tongue out of his mouth. He laughs because it's kind of hilarious.

Steve rolls his eyes.

"Real convincing."

"Hey, I heard some people are real into this leather shit. There's whole magazines devoted to it and everything," Billy says.

He's seen those magazines. Not in Hawkins, but back in California, anyway. He'd never found them hugely titillating, other than the general source material of *men* and, also, *men with other men*. But all the leather? Men stretched out and clad, head to toe, in shiny black garb? It never did all that much for Billy. It's just not his thing.

"I wouldn't call one dog collar *leather shit*," Steve says with something close to a laugh.

"Still," Billy says. "Figured you might maybe like it."

And yeah, maybe admitting that makes his cheeks flush a bit, warmed with the knowledge that Billy does kinda wanna find all the little things that make Steve hot. He wants to give Steve everything, to make him feel everything. He wants to figure out what makes Steve tick.

"It's not even *on you*," Steve says, reaching out to grab and read the tag, "*Spike*." Steve laughs.

"Jesus, you're so *needy*," Billy says, but he's smiling, unable to help himself around Steve.

He's already pulling the collar around his neck, fastening it up in the back just by feel alone. He doesn't make it too tight, but doesn't make it too loose, either -- he sits it *just right*, situated where he knows it'll

look pretty around his neck. And sure, maybe it's not Billy's thing, and maybe it's not even Steve's thing -- but the truth is that Billy Hargrove can make *anything* look hot. It's just a fact; Billy is more than aware of it.

Once Billy has the collar firmly fastened, he pulls his hands away. He cocks his head to the side and smiles at Steve. "Well? How do I look?"

"Like you're wearing a dog collar you found on the ground," Steve says, but he's smiling too. Fond, in that kind of way he gets around Billy. It makes him all soft around the edges.

And that's a funny thing, too -- because when Billy first met Steve, he thought Steve was soft, straight down to the core. All mush and sap and heart. Turns out, he's more hard edges. All fierce and stubborn and unyielding. He can be soft, too, but it's hidden away, tucked beneath anxiety and bravado and sandpaper grit. Something happened before the two of them truly started to get to know each other (before their fight at the Byers, too), Billy knows, something to make Steve go all sharp, all careful.

But Billy doesn't mind it too much. It means he has to work hard to get at all of Steve's soft bits, his carefully hidden affection.

"You know I make this look *good*," Billy says.

"You always look good, you loon."

Billy kisses Steve, then. Because he can. Because Steve's smiling. Because they're alone in Steve's house and they've got hours to kill. He doesn't care about the collar, or about Steve telling him he looks hot -- he just cares about kissing Steve because he wants to, because that's what Billy wants and who is he to deny himself that kind of thing when he can instead indulge?

Steve's hands migrate to Billy's shirt, fisting and pulling Billy closer. They're just sitting on Steve's couch, with baseball droning on in the background. Billy doesn't even know who's playing -- he doesn't care. Not when Steve's around.

“I think you like the collar,” Billy laughs, mumbling the words against Steve’s lips. Greedy for the kiss, but unable to keep his mouth shut, too.

“I think *you* like it,” Steve says.

Billy rolls his eyes. “It’s just a collar, Harrington. ‘M not a dog.” Nor is he into all that leather shit.

He *is* into Steve, into the way Steve always yields to his touches, into the way Billy usually pushes him down against the bed when Steve moans all pretty. Billy’s normally the one who takes the lead in their little encounters, relying on Steve and all of his beautiful noises to guide the way. So, if Steve doesn’t like the collar -- Billy’s more than happy to get rid of it.

“It’s not too bad,” Steve says thoughtfully, as Billy his hands up to take the thing off. Steve bats them away.

“Yeah?” Billy asks.

Steve hums, pulling a finger along the leather. It’s weird -- Billy can feel it, kinda, just muffled through the thick hide. Muted. Like music, from another room. The pressure, the tightness of the leather feels like someone’s pressing in around his neck with careful fingers, but it’s not *bad*. It’s -- kind of nice, maybe, if he stops to consider it.

“I mean, you’ve got a pretty neck,” Steve says. “Really accentuates it.”

“You think I’m pretty?” Billy says, that joking tone back in his voice. He *knows* he’s pretty, but he’s always damn pleased as punch to hear Steve say it. Like a reaffirmation.

“Maybe,” Steve says, like he’s considering something. Billy doesn’t know what, and sometimes, it’s real hard to figure out what Steve is thinking.

“I think I wanna get on with the show,” Billy says. He’s been wanting to get his hands on Steve all goddamn day. He was daydreaming about it while working in the garage, his shitty summer job. The idea of pushing Steve down against the bed or against a wall and getting

to mouth over every inch of him was what had got Billy through the day.

“Yeah?” Steve asks. “So impatient.”

Billy doesn’t get a chance to reply.

Slowly, Steve curls his fingers under the collar, pushing them between Billy’s skin and the unyielding leather. The collar goes tight and Billy goes a little still with Steve’s fingers putting pressure against his airway. He can still breathe, but it’s a little harder. A little more difficult. Billy doesn’t know why it makes him go so motionless, but it *does*. He can feel every breath he takes, windpipe pushed against Steve’s knuckles. He’s intimately aware of himself, of his own actions -- and of Steve.

He’s just starting to get used to it, a snappy retort building on his tongue as he’s looking into Steve’s playful eyes, when Steve moves. He *pulls*. Sharp. Forceful. With that grip on Billy’s collar, he tugs Billy down toward the ground and -- Billy just *goes*.

Billy lands on his knees, sliding off the couch in one fluid and quick movement. He’s not even sure how he *got* there -- just that he’s suddenly there, Steve’s hand holding him down with a firm grip to the collar around his neck. Steve is strong, but Billy doesn’t think Steve even had to yank all that hard to get Billy to go.

Billy’s mouth drops open in surprise and when he looks up at Steve, Steve’s looking back at him with wide, dark eyes.

“Shit,” Steve says, but it’s a hot sound when it comes out of his lips, thick like honey. Reverent and full of praise.

“Oh,” Billy breathes out. He feels a little dizzy with the rush of being tugged down to his knees. He wants to say something, but can’t find any words, let alone his tongue.

Testing, Steve pulls him down a little farther, until Billy is leaning forward, nose nearly touching Steve’s toes. And Billy just *goes*, just lets Steve tug him wherever he wants to put him.

Then, apparently satisfied, Steve pulls him back up, meeting him

halfway with his lips against Billy's. Steve kisses him deep and ravenous. There's a different energy to it than normal -- more charged, more heady, like there's a storm brewing in the air around them. Electricity everywhere, caressing goosebumps onto their bare skin. Billy can't say he minds the way that Steve's fingers tucked under the collar make his breath short -- it makes him feel a little dizzy, a little frantic. He finds that he *likes* the way he yields, the way he just *goes* when Steve tugs him.

When Steve pulls back, he looks surprised and a little awed -- like he didn't expect this.

Billy didn't expect it, either. Not even a little.

He's never been pliant or easy, never been the one to give someone else the reins in bed. It makes him feel a little off-balance, a little vulnerable. But if Billy's going to give anyone this, it's going to be Steve. Steve, with his gentle, firm hands. His steady nature. His absolute loyalty.

"Take off your shirt," Steve says. His voice is commanding, but his eyes are questioning, like maybe he's pushing the careful boundaries of this too far, like Billy might suddenly refuse. Might bow out.

Like Steve's still unsure as to what this even *is*.

Billy has no idea what this is either, but he knows that, in this moment, he wants to do what Steve wants him to do. The rush he got from sinking down to his knees is addictive -- he wants more of it, wants to be good. He oddly *enjoys* the feeling of Steve tugging him around, of Steve having the power. Of giving it to him.

Still on his knees, Billy shrugs himself out of his shirt, undoing the necessary buttons with lazy hands. He's left half naked in the middle of Steve's living room, feeling warm and safe, looking up at Steve.

Steve's eyes are everywhere. Dragging over the steady rise and fall of Billy's chest, down the lines of his abdomen, until they disappear into his jeans-- and then back up. Back to the collar weighing heavy and perfect around Billy's neck.

He gives it another little tug, and Billy swallows heavy, throat working. He shuffles closer, on his knees, and Steve's gaze goes soft.

"Good," he breathes, leans down and presses his mouth to Billy's cheek, then to his brow, lingering as if he's asking a question, asking *is this okay?* without saying a word.

Billy is breathless. Floored. He nods.

Steve pulls back, slides his fingers carefully from the collar, but thumbs over where it overlaps with Billy's skin. With Billy's pounding pulse. The sensation is half muted; everything suddenly is. Like the rest of the world is gone, and it's just the two of them.

"Take off your belt," Steve says, voice low, lower than usual, dark with something like a promise. "Roll it up. Put it on the couch next to me."

Billy finds himself doing it, pulling his belt loose from the loops, rolling it up like some dork, putting it next to Steve. One of Steve's hands cups Billy's cheek, thumb rubbing over the jut of Billy's cheekbone. It's oddly exhilarating, just that one little bit of touch coupled with the fingers still on the collar

"Good," Steve says again, and Billy gets a rush from it, from both the word and the fond, heavy way Steve is looking at him.

His eyes drag over Steve's face, drifting from his eyes down to his lips. Billy can't help but look more, greedy, eyes falling from Steve's face to his neck, to his steadily breathing chest -- then, down to his lap, where his cock is clearly hard and straining against his jeans.

Billy moves forward, intentions set on undoing Steve's fly and freeing him, mouth watering with a overwhelming hunger -- but suddenly Steve's fingers are slipping underneath the collar again. He pulls Billy back with a sharp jerk, a yank, enough force to jolt Billy, to remind him just how tight the collar is when Steve's fingers are pressed between the leather and warm skin. It's hard to breathe. It's intoxicating.

Steve tugs and Billy goes limp and easy, looking back up at Steve's

face, like *who, me?*

It's easy to let Steve take the reins, easier than Billy thought. More thrilling, too. It's hard to ignore how hard he is, how painful his own erection is as he kneels at Steve's feet.

Who knew that Billy could get so turned on over something so simple as Steve Harrington telling him what to do.

"That looks uncomfortable," Steve says, nodding at Billy's now-tight jeans. At Billy's arousal. "Why don't you take those off?"

It's nothing like the casual question Steve makes it out to be. There's something about the tone that makes Billy shiver. That makes his resolve go lax.

But he's still himself. He can't help the instinct that's got him saying: "Aren't you going to ask nicely?"

Steve tugs on the collar, a little sharp. A little mean. He smiles at Billy with all his teeth and that's sharp, too. "I don't think I have to, do I?"

And he doesn't. That's the crazy part. Because when Steve pulls again, when Billy's breath goes a little tight -- Billy fumbles at his pants like it's his only desire in the world. He gets them off fast, struggling just a little considering Steve still has him on his knees, still has him by the collar. But after what should be some awkward squirming but somehow *isn't*, Billy is bare ass naked on his knees at Steve's feet.

"Good boy," Steve says, pulling at the collar until the tags jangle a little, clinking together enough to remind Billy that he stole this collar. That it originally belonged to a dog.

And there's something a little hot about that, too. About the idea that Billy's just an animal, fueled only by his most base of desires. That, in this moment right now, he's practically Steve's pet.

"Go on," Steve says, keeping his fingers in the collar, keeping Billy's breath light. "Wrap your hand around yourself."

Billy does just that. He loops warm fingers around the base of his cock.

He has to bite his lip to keep in a moan; getting a hand on himself has never felt better.

A little indulgent, Billy gives himself a stroke, needy for the sensation, for the release. It feels like he's been hard for hours, suddenly, even though it hasn't been long at all.

"Hey," Steve says, sharp. He yanks at Billy's collar with a tut. "I didn't say you could start."

Billy groans at that, his cock giving a jerk in his fist at the words, at the tug, at *Steve*. At fucking all of it, apparently. It's unfair, really, how easily Steve gets him. How stupid Billy is over this boy.

It's kind of absurd, and also amazing, how much Billy is enjoying this.

"Sorry," Billy manages, but he's smiling, grinning. He's not *really* sorry at all, not with the way Steve seems intent on punishing him. Billy kinda likes going short of breath, kinda likes the way Steve goes sharp and biting. He's greedy for it, for this new side of Steve he hasn't really seen before.

"It's okay, babe," Steve says and Billy shudders. "You can go slow now. It's okay."

Billy takes it, takes the praise and then the command, and lets his fingers drift over his dick. Loose and slow. Teasing, like Steve has done to him before. It's a specific kind of torture that Billy loves; if left to his own devices, Billy would always be quick, too greedy for release, for sensation. But he likes the way Steve loves to draw it out, likes the way it makes him feel afterward. Like he's been given a gift. Like he's been torn apart and put back together again.

"Good," Steve says. "Keep going."

It's easy, just letting Steve lead. Letting him call the shots.

It's hot, too.

After a while, even with the most gentle and slow of touches, Billy is panting. He's watching himself, eyes caught on the easy pull of his fingers over his cock. He doesn't have to imagine it's Steve's hand, really -- it's Steve controlling his actions anyway. Billy's just kind of along for the ride.

The head of his cock is leaking precome, tip dripping with his own arousal. It's intoxicating, just how needy and worked up Steve makes him.

"Spit in your hand," Steve says. "Get yourself nice and slick."

Steve's voice sounds rough. When Billy looks up, tearing his eyes away from his own cock, Steve looks wrecked. His eyes are dark and his lips are red, like he's been biting at them. Suddenly, Billy wants nothing more than to kiss him stupid. He *aches* with it.

He doesn't realize he's whining until Steve is leaning forward and slotting their lips together in a kiss, chest shaking a little bit with laughter.

"You're fine, babe," Steve says against his lips. "Look at you. So goddamn good."

And yeah, okay, maybe Billy loves that a little bit. He loves the way Steve knows him, loves the way Steve knows how to kiss him perfectly, loves the way Steve smiles into the kiss.

When Steve pulls back, Billy feels a little more balanced, a little more rooted in his own skin.

"Go on. Get your hand all slick and touch yourself."

Steve doesn't have to tell Billy twice.

When his fingers wrap around his cock again, they're slick and warm with his spit. This time, he does nothing to stifle his groan. He leans into the press of Steve's hand against the collar, liking the reminder that it's there. He watches himself for a little while, eyes caught on the way his fingers slide over his length. At the way his cock twitches in his grip and leaks at the tip whenever he thinks about how hot this is.

A noise jerks his attention away from his hand, eyes going back up to Steve. He can't help but smile: Steve is fumbling one-handed with his pants, wrenching them open to tug his cock out.

Billy watches Steve for a minute, stuck on the way Steve's face relaxes once he gets a hand on himself, once he starts to feel a little relief. His eyes drift down to the way Steve's hand works over his dick, attention rapt on the way careful fingers curl around Steve's thick length.

The tug at his collar comes as a surprise.

"Hey," Steve says. "Did I say you could stop?"

Billy didn't even realize he *had* stopped.

"No," Billy says, beginning to move his hand again. It feels so good. "Sorry, pretty boy." Billy's voice is wrecked, rough with need.

"C'mere," Steve says, tugging at the collar, pulling until Billy is leaning forward, until his cheek is resting against Steve's thigh.

It's kind of comfortable, resting his head there. And the view -- of Steve's other hand working his cock over, right in front of Billy's face -- isn't half bad, either.

"Don't think I'm gonna last very long," Steve says from above him, words half choked out. His fingers work a little bit over Billy's collar, like he's reminding them both that it's there. "Not -- not with you like this. God, you're so *hot*."

Billy groans, rolling his head a little bit so the collar *pulls* against his throat, just a bit. Steve gets the hint and pulls it a little bit more, with a murmured *fuck*, *Billy*.

It feels so good. Billy loses himself in the pleasure of his fingers stroking over his cock, in the pull of the collar, in the way Steve's fist pumps his own dick. Billy pants, belly going tight, nerves alight.

"C'mon, babe," Steve says. "Come for me."

Billy doesn't think he can. Even as close as he is, he doesn't think he

can just *come* when Steve tells him to. Until Steve keeps talking. Until Steve tugs at his collar just a *little bit more*.

“You’re so good,” Steve says. “So good for me. *Please*, Billy.”

The orgasm hits him hard, like a punch to the gut. He spills over his fingers, vision going white, body going numb to pleasure. He groans loud, the sound echoing in his ears until it fades into wet, open-mouthed panting as he comes down from the rush.

When he comes back to himself, he’s aware of how glad he is that he has Steve’s leg to rest on. He definitely would’ve fallen over, otherwise.

In his field of vision, Steve’s hand is already slowing, covered in his own milky release.

“Oh my god,” Steve says. He sounds wrecked. Billy smiles against his jeans, cheek pressing against a spot where he’s drooled a little.

“Fuck,” Billy says. His vision is still a little spotty. His thoughts are all jumbled, but he feels good, *so good*.

Once he gets even a little bit of feeling back in his body, he’s leaning forward, mouth taking in Steve’s dick. He can’t resist, can’t stop himself from cleaning Steve off, tongue rolling over softening flesh. He swallows it all down, everything left, as Steve moans, breathy and astounded above him. Billy laps until Steve is soft in his mouth, *hungry*, until Steve is making little keening whining noises from his throat, fingers fisting in Billy’s hair.

Suddenly Steve’s there, leaning down, pulling Billy off his cock and kissing him stupid. Mumbling little endearments into his mouth. *Babe,* Steve says. *So good*, he licks into Billy’s mouth. He eases his fingers from underneath the collar and cups Billy’s cheek instead, easing him up so he’s easier to kiss. Billy leans into the touch, letting Steve balance him, letting Steve hold him up.

“You’re perfect,” Steve says. “God, that was so hot. *You’re* so hot.”

Billy laughs against Steve’s lips. He doesn’t protest when Steve pulls at him, by his shoulders, his arms now, easing him back up onto the

couch. Draping Billy's body over himself like a blanket.

"Gonna get your couch so gross," Billy says, burying his face in Steve's neck. It feels nice, being so close to Steve, feeling his warmth. He tastes like Steve, too. It lingers on his tongue, addictive, intoxicating.

"Don't care," Steve says. His come-covered hand drags over fancy upholstery. "Not even a little bit."

"So," Billy says after a little while, voice mumbled against hot skin. "You think I look good in the collar?"

Steve laughs. "Yeah, you look good in the collar, Billy." Steve lets out a breath. "You -- *jesus* -- you look good when you let me tell you what to do."

"I look good *all* the time, pretty boy," Billy says.

Steve kisses him on the corner of the lips. "Well, that goes without saying." Steve's fingers drift over the collar. The touch feels beautifully muffled. Strangely intimate. "You want me to take this off, babe?"

Billy thinks about it, thinks about the feeling of taking the collar off, of the cold nothingness pressing in around his neck in place of the warmth, the careful embrace of the leather.

"Nah," Billy says. "Leave it for a little while."

Author's Note:

comments are always cherished.

you can find me on tumblr, if you are so inclined.